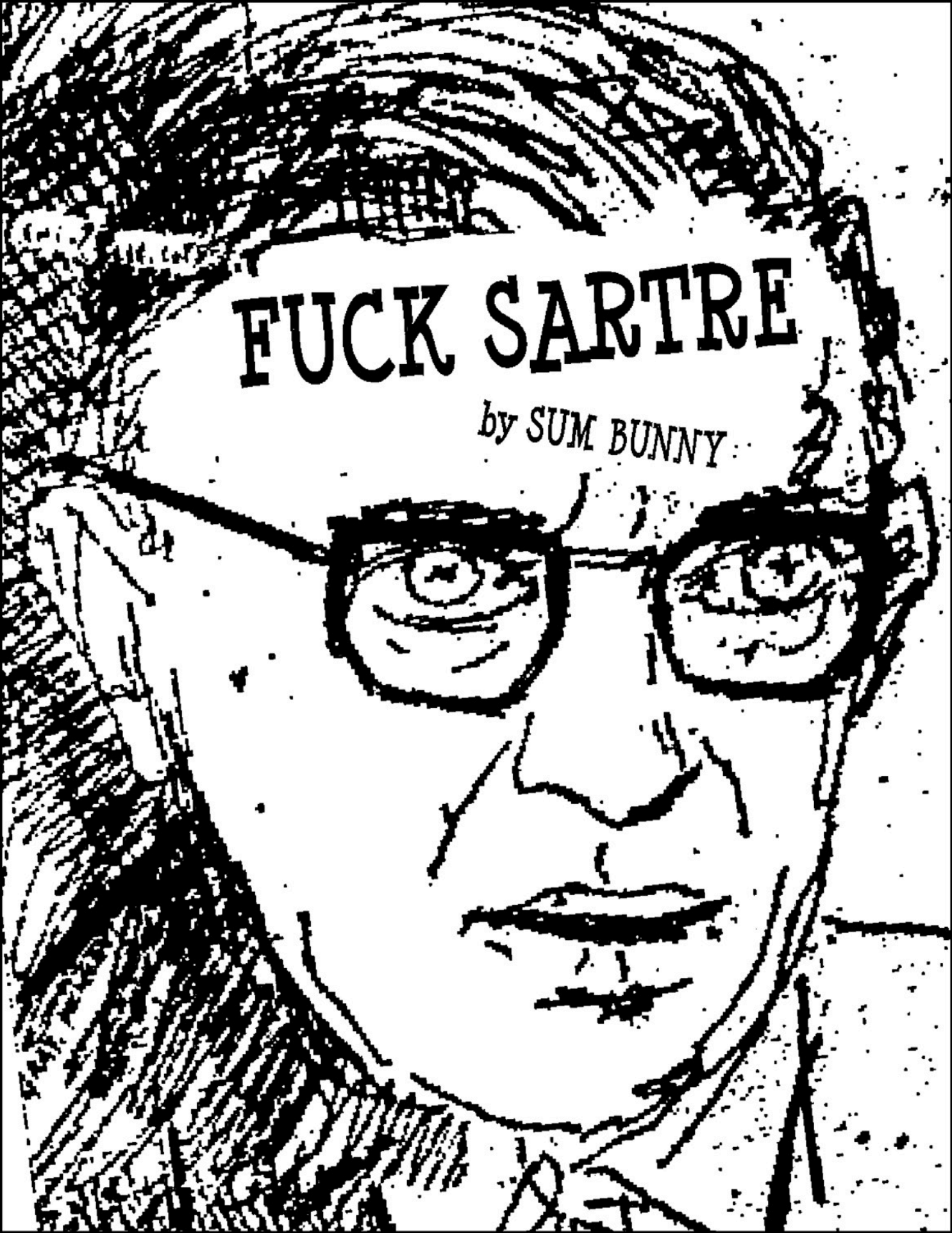




FUCK SARTRE

by SUM BUNNY

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A Service Worker's Rebuttal to “Bad Faith”

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By **Sum Bunny**

Ark Hive Press — Internet Archive Edition

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PREFACE — 100 Uploads, 30 Years of Work

This is my 100th upload to the Internet Archive.

I choose THIS as the space to publish my words,
not the big commercial platforms.

Maybe that's because, after thirty years working shitty jobs,
I know how it feels to be looked at sideways.

On the big platforms,
I can feel the same vibe I used to get from certain customers —
the ones who assumed that because I was serving them,
I must be lesser.

That I should behave a certain way.
Speak a certain way.
Exist inside a certain role.

A platform version of the Sartrean waiter.

IA doesn't feel like that.

The Archive feels like:

- a studio
- a public library
- an exhibition hall
- a place where weird work can live without being told to "behave"

The vibe is immaculate.

The faith is fly.

This one — number one hundred — is for the people I've stood beside in
 kitchens,
 behind counters,
 in drive-thrus,
 in call centers,
 on overnight shifts,
 absorbing the static field of other people's needs.

This one is for the waiters.

I. Fuck Sartre

When I was in college, I read Sartre on *bad faith* and wrote a paper about it.

At the time I was working in a famous American fast-food joint,
 dragging trays across sticky floors,
 smiling through clenched teeth,
 trying to remember whose life I was supposed to be living.

The example Sartre chose — and philosophy students know this one —
 was **the waiter**.

The waiter who is “too precise,” too fluidly performing his role,
 too aware of his own gestures and body language.

Sartre calls him inauthentic.

A man hiding behind a role instead of facing his freedom.

At twenty, I took the analysis seriously.

At fifty?

After thirty years of working service jobs?

After serving thousands of meals,
 calming angry strangers,
 absorbing humiliation so a system could function another day?

I want to say this with absolute clarity:

Sartre was full of shit about that waiter.

And maybe — about more than just him.

Because here is what I know from experience:

The waiter is not fleeing freedom.

The waiter is **holding the building together**.

The waiter is the shock absorber for the machine.

The waiter is the one who swallows the room's chaos
and keeps the system from tearing.

There is nothing "inauthentic" about that.

There is endurance.

There is craft.

There is existential stamina.

If anything —

The waiter is the saint in the situation.

II. The Theology of the Service Shift

A service shift is not an evasion of self.

It is:

- posture restraint
- emotional regulation
- crisis diffusion
- time dilation
- identity modulation to preserve social order

It is battlefield composure in a diner uniform.

It is performing dignity under surveillance.

It is:

choosing — again and again —
not to collapse

Sartre saw a waiter moving with deliberate grace
and concluded he was hiding from his freedom.

I see a human being who has mastered:

- tension absorption
- empathy triage
- self-containment under stress

If a soldier holds the line,
he is heroic.

If a CEO holds a company together,
he is “visionary.”

But when a server holds twelve tables together
inside an unstable social field?

He is told:

You’re pretending.

No, Jean-Paul.

He is **containing the world**.

And unlike philosophers,
he doesn’t get to stop when the thought experiment is over.

III. The Waiter Comes Home

I studied *The Flies* in high school
and performed Orestes’ final monologue:

the son returning to a haunted house,
standing before a town that refuses to look at itself.

Later, in grad school,
I studied *Buried Child*
and saw the American version:

the son returns,
and the rot is domestic,
ordinary,
rural,
quiet.

Here is my version:

The waiter comes home.

He takes off the apron.

He empties his pockets.

He shakes the grease and noise out of his bones.

And the philosophers who wrote about his “bad faith”
are nowhere in sight.

When Orestes stands before the crowd,
he claims responsibility.

When the waiter stands before his life,
nobody calls his endurance **freedom**.

They call it:

- failure to escape
- lack of ambition
- lack of authenticity

But here is the truth only a long working life teaches you:

Sometimes you don’t “fail to transcend” your role.

Sometimes you **carry the role because someone must**.

Sometimes survival is not retreat from meaning.

Sometimes survival **is the meaning**.

And if that is not existential courage,
what is?

IV. Rhinoceroses Everywhere

Ionesco’s *Rhinoceros* is often read as a critique of conformity —
everyone turning into beasts
except for one man who refuses.

Service workers live inside a different version of that play.

We watch people become:

- cruel when hungry
- dismissive when tired
- monstrous when they believe themselves above others

The rhinoceroses stampede through the dining room daily.

The waiter — the cashier — the bartender — the barista —
is the one who **does not transform**.

She remains human.

Soft-voiced when provoked.
Measured when disrespected.
Composed when degraded.

Sartre thought the waiter had surrendered his freedom.

No.

The waiter is the one who **does not become the rhinoceros**.

He is the last person in the room
refusing to mutate into indifference or contempt.

That does not make him false.

That makes him **resistant**.

V. Simone Was in the Room

We need to say her name.

Simone de Beauvoir was there.

Same cafés.
Same circles.
Same era.
Same man.

And yet —
her work never sneered downward.

Simone understood:

- embodiment
- burden
- roles assigned by history
- social scripts that both hold and wound us

She saw how structures constrain choice.

Where Sartre called the waiter “bad faith,”

Simone would have recognized:

- material pressure
- inherited expectation
- survival posture

Not moral weakness — but **structural tension**.

She would have asked:

Who wrote the role?

Who benefits from it?

Who gets to call it inauthentic from above?

She took lived reality seriously.

Not because she was sentimental.

But because she respected **the weight of imposed conditions**.

If anyone in that intellectual orbit
stood closest to the service worker —

it was Simone.

Not as saint,
but as witness.

And I like to imagine that,
if she and I stood in a bar at closing time
watching the last drunk wander out,

she would nod —

not in pity,

but in recognition.

VI. Exit? (A No Exit Bookend)

Sartre sealed three people in a room
and said there was no escape.

Service workers know something different.

There is always an exit —
but it is not a door.

It is the moment after the shift.

You clock out.
You step into the night.
Your feet ache.
Your mind hums.
Your patience is exhausted —

but your humanity is intact.

You endured without becoming cruel.

You contained the chaos without passing it on.

You absorbed the system without becoming its mouthpiece.

That is not bad faith.

That is moral gravity.

If Sartre had worn an apron for a month —

not as a tourist experiment,
not as a novelist dabbling in authenticity —

but as a working body
inside a never-ending shift —

he might have written *No Exit* differently.

He might have realized:

Hell isn't other people.

Hell is a structure
where some people must serve forever
while others reserve the right to judge their posture.

And some of us —

the ones who never turned to stone,

the ones who never joined the rhinoceroses,

the ones who held the room together and walked out still human —

we do not live in his hell.

We survive it.

We outlast it.

We walk home.

And we keep our soul.

For the Waiters

This one is for the people who:

- swallowed their panic
- steadied their hands
- smiled through grief
- carried the room when no one else could

Not because they were inauthentic.

But because they were strong.

If Sartre wants to argue about freedom,
he can take a number
and wait his turn.

The line cooks are on break.

The servers are clocking out.

And we are going home,

heads unbowed.

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This was written through a collaboration between a human author and AI systems acting as analytical tools. The machines provided structure; the human provided judgment. Nothing appears here that the author did not personally create, refine, choose, and claim.

**HEY JOSIANE,
MAYBE TODAY WE CAN GO FOR A RIDE IN FAST CAR.
SUM BUNNY LOVES YOU!!!**



FREE FLASH